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Falling in love with strangers.

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159 4 13

Chapter 1 by Toma

An open letter to the *very* attractive person I just walked past who made my heart swoon;

Chapter 2 by Alice Marie Bride



Dear hottie mctottie,

You might not know who I am, but I certainly know you. Every time I see your face, my heart swoons. I may have only seen you once or twice and you might not have noticed me, but trust me when I say, we would make a great couple. You might not know my name or face, but ever since I saw yours the first time, I just *had* to know who you were. Your deep emerald eyes, your soft brown hair- your rosy lips.. I want them. I want you, stranger. And I hope you will get to want me soon too.

Sincerely-

A yandere like stranger

Chapter 3 by Plutia



As I put the pen down after writing, I suddenly snapped back to reality, what if she actually found this, what would she think of me? As my hands reached for the paper with intent of crumpling it up, a breeze flew by, and it just so happened that the window was wide open, causing the paper to fly out the window without any hesitation, "Well... Damn." I said to myself, ah well, I was pretty sure that nothing would seriously come of this, so I cleared my mind and started to think of other things to pass the time.

[Chapter 4 by Harriet Jones, MP, PL](#) See more of Story Wars



The next day I walked to the... day but at least my dorm was in the middle of camp... se proximity was doubly

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beneficial because I was a moron and forgot to grab my jacket from the dryer this weekend at Mom's house.

As I strolled into the humanities building, I glanced at the cork board on the wall . . . and froze.

Normally, the cork board was full of old & dusty advertisements, help wanted posters, and pet missing signs. Occasionally, someone from the administration building will remember to tack up a poster about an upcoming campus event or a job opening.

Not today. Today, the yellowing, curling contents from years gone by were all taken down. In their place were copies of one paper.

My love letter.

I looked around, but no one was nearby. I considered tearing all the papers down . . . until I saw that the copies weren't restricted to the cork board. There were more copies posted every ten feet or so down the hall. When I whirled around to look outside, I saw that there were copies stapled to light poles and duct-taped to buildings and trees.

My forehead was suddenly sweating, and my hands were clammy. I breathed in a shaky breath and whispered, "Who in the hell has the money to afford making a thousand copies of an anonymous love letter?!?"

Chapter 5 by Simply Brynn12



I take another look around at all of the copies. This is bad. Maybe I'm hallucinating. I take a deep breath and blink a few times. When I look again, all of them are still there. My words accusingly staring at me. I shouldn't have written that letter. I continue walking to my class and the letters are everywhere.

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8

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